THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September 27,* 1806. [No. 38.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 176.

'Woman 's at best a contradiction still.'

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM a bachelor, sir, and trust long to continue so; whatever knowledge or opinions, therefore, I possess, with respect to the female sex, have arisen rather from general observation than individual experience. Such as they are, however, I am the more induced to believe, with Mr. Pope, that woman is a *contradiction still.* The sex have been generally, either superlatively exalted, or infinitely debased; represented either as the ornaments of the universe and the first of the creator's works, or as beings, in disposition and understanding, almost beneath the level of human nature. I am not disposed, like some, to magnify their virtues and diminish their faults, or like others to deteriorate from those excellences which they evidently possess. There is no creature in the universe from which the attractive power of truth cannot elicit some virtue; there is none, whose purity is unsullied with a stain. So it is with woman: none are completely vicious or virtuous.

The historic page presents us with a catalogue of females, that appear inconsistent with the ordinary character of the sex. Babylon yielded to the aspiring genius of a woman. Rome knew her Cornelia's and her Portia's; to a woman France owed her deliverance from the horrors of impending destruction, and one of the brightest ornaments of the British throne was a heroic queen. But the world now witnesses a different race; female heroism is known only by name; luxury and weakness have usurped its place—and the glories of Semiramis and Zenobia, with those of Babylon and Palmyra, have crumbled into dust, in the annihilating grasp of time.

Excluded either by the prohibitions of nature, or the mandates of custom, from a participation in the hardier duties of society, woman is limited by a narrow sphere of action: beyond this she cannot diffuse the emanations of her mind, which, though often brilliant for a moment, yet they soon expire like the meteor's blaze. It is wonderful that any person should contend for an equality of genius between man and woman. The experience of daily intercourse, the observation of immemorial time, must convince us that whenever a female has endeavoured to rise above the rest of her sex, in an attempt to display a profundity of research, an acumen of thought, or a capacity for close argumentation, she has met the disgust of the world and the contempt or pity of her immediate friends. The body and mind are counterparts of each other: and though close application and the deprivation of health may enfeeble the person without corrupting the soul,

yet, where nature has delineated in the limbs and features, the plainest indications of weakness, the understanding will be found equally devoid of capacity and force. The maturity of the female mind (such as it is) is reached too early for a proper foundation to have been laid in its progress towards perfection; 'like the lightning, which doth cease to be, ere one can say, it lightens.'

Do not suppose, sir, from what I have said, that I am deficient in admiration for the first best gift of God to man. I have been contemplating the dark side of the figure. Reverse it, and we behold a dazzling display of brilliancy, sufficient to enliven the most inanimate fancy, and fire the coldest heart. To excel in the works of the understanding and in the energies of the soul is the exclusive privilege, the boasted prerogative, of man: deprive him of the society of the other sex, and he falls beneath the state intended for him by nature, or stands alone on an extended plain, exposed to the storms of affliction, without a sympathizing breast, in which he may find repose from misery, or participation in happiness. If, from the camp, the forum, and the discussions of the schools, women are banished, yet, in the social circle, whither *we* retire, from the vexations of the world, the scintillations of female wit enliven society, and the sweets of female conversation vivify the drooping soul.

Does man complain because the beasts of the forest possess superior rapidity or strength? Does youth languish for the toys of infancy, or old age repine at the loss of youthful pleasures? Why then should woman be dissatisfied? Is she not the undisputed queen of the wide domains of love and beauty? Do not the proudest hearts bow to her desires? And if her situation *be* cut off from some few negative gratifications, yet the temptations to vice are placed at a distance, and she presses to her bosom the sweet reflection of spotless purity.

But, says Dr. Young, "Scandal's the sweetner of a woman's tea." However degrading to the sex the assertion may be, however unworthy of other features in their character, however contemptible it may render them in the eye of virtue, I fear the observation is too well founded to bear a contradiction. The satirist has depicted them in many instances in colours too highly drawn, or altogether false, but the accusation brought against them for calumny must not, cannot, be refuted. Little, very little indeed, must be that mind which delights in decrying others' virtues, or viewing their errors through the glass of scandal: yet, little as it may be, it finds a place in almost every female breast. Is this assertion malicious or ungallant? I hope not. Demerits as well as merits must be displayed; and when by the side of brilliant objects we place 'black and grained spots,' contrast increases and adorns their resplendency. If I were to mention only excellences, like Phæton, I should neglect the advice of Apollo,* and like him some other Eridances might be my portion. I may say, women are lively, attractive, and beautiful; but they too frequently become frivolous, censorious, and vain.

ORLANDO.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LORD Chief Justice Saunders succeeded Pemberton in the king's bench, in the reign of Charles the Second. He was a poor beggar boy, or foundling, without known parents or relations. He found his way into Clement's Inn, by courting the attornies' clerks for scraps. His extraordinary observance and diligence recommended him to the society. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write, and one of the attornies got a board knocked up at a window at the top of a stair-case, and that was his desk, where he wrote after copies which the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties and fell to forms, and by books that were

---

* Media tutissime ibis.

dent him became an excellent entering clerk, and an able counsel, first at special pleading, then at large. Afterwards he was called to the bar, and had practice in the king's bench equal to any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, 'by my troggs' (for that was his manner), 'none can say I want issue of my body, for I have nine on my back.' He was a fœted mass, that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those whose ill fortune it was to stand near him were confessors, and, in summer time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcase came on him by continual sottishness, for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used: the rest of his life he was sitting at his desk or piping it at home, and that home was a taylor's house in butcher row, called his lodging; and the man's wife was his nurse or worse, but, by virtue of his money, of which he made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family, and, being no changeling, he was true to his friends and they to him to the last hour of his life.

His parts were lively. Wit and repartee, in unaffected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss, and none ever came so near as he to be a match for Sergeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors, that were not aware of his traps. He was so fond of success for his clients, that he would set the court hard with a trick, for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily ward off so that no one was offended with him. Hales, Chief Justice, could not bear his irregularity of life, and for that and his suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard on him. He had a goodness of nature and disposition that justly entitled him to be called a philanthrope. He was a perfect Silenus to the students, to make them merry when they had a mind to it. He was neither rigid nor austere. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever diverted the complaint into content and laughing by the abundance of his wit. As to the honesty of his dealing, he was honest as the driven snow was white, having no regard for money, nor desire to be rich, and for good nature and condescension there was not his fellow. He would stand at the bar for hours before the court sat, with a circle of students about him, putting cases and making them merry.

In no time did he lean to faction, or in his business give offence to any. He put off officious talk of politics and government with jests, and made his wit a shield to cover all his weaknesses and infirmities. He played jigs on the harpsichord in such a manner, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be Chief Justice of the king's bench; and, while he sat there, he gave general satisfaction to the lawyers. His application to business was so intense as to bring on an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts and he never recovered.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

A Commercial Dictionary, containing the present state of mercantile law, practice and custom, by Joshua Montefiore, with very considerable additions relative to the laws, usages, and practice of the United States. Three vols. 8vo. $10 50 cts. Philadelphia. J. Humphreys.

A development of the principles which regulate the vast machine of mercantile intercourse, exhibited in one view and within the reach of ordinary men, however necessary it might have been, was not to be met with until the publication of the book before us.—Connected as commerce is with the science of the law, with general policy, with historical and geographical research, and with the particular knowledge of mercantile men, such a development required a recourse to the numerous report-books of the lawyer, and to Abbott, Parke, and other legal commentators—to Adam Smith, and

other writers upon the political wealth of nations—to Child and Anderson—to Pinkerton—to various other historical treatises on commerce and commercial places; and, to the floating and uncollected information of living and practical merchants. To give such a development is the object of Mr. Montefiore, and to enable him to do it, he informs us that his researches have been indefatigable; and, whoever follows him through his volumes will be satisfied that they must have been so. The work is dedicated by permission, to Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Lord Chief Justice of England, a privilege affording of itself a sufficient assurance of the general value of the book, and especially of its correctness, and consequent usefulness on legal subjects. It appeared in England under the particular patronage of the East India Company, who subscribed for forty copies, and it was patronized and supported by the most numerous and respectable list of commercial institutions, Insurance Companies, and individual merchants that we remember to have seen. Though the expenses incurred by the author, in collecting and framing his materials, caused him to hold it at a high price, a large edition is said to have been immediately bought up by the intelligent and investigating merchants of Great Britain. These circumstances, it has been justly observed, say as much in its favour as could be said by a volume of explanation from the compiler, or of praise from the critic. Amidst such weighty commendation our feeble approbation would be lost; we cannot, however, refuse to bear honourable testimony to the candour of Mr. Montefiore, in giving due praise and credit to the authors from whom he has borrowed. Thus he acknowledges that he has availed himself frequently of the aid of that most valuable work, Abbott's *treatise on the law of merchant ships and seamen*, and speaks of it as "a book which ought to be on the desk of every merchant, and without which the library of the lawyer is incomplete."—The merchants of the United States, as intelligent and perhaps more spirited than the merchants of Great Britain, will gladly lay hold of every assistance to their commercial enterprise; and as such, we recommend to them this COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY; to whose service this edition has been rendered more particularly beneficial by considerable additions relative to the laws, usages, and practice of the United States.

For the Port Folio.

SCOTTISH LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A WORK of considerable importance is now under publication by Mr. George Chalmers, so celebrated for the profundity and ability of his antiquarian researches. He has for many years been soliciting materials for this work, and we are given to understand, that for profound and laborious research it will *surpass any other on the same subject which Scotland has ever yet produced*. It will be called *Caledonia*, or an historical and topographical account of North Britain, from the most ancient to the present times.

The first volume will be divided into four books. Book first will contain the *Roman period*, from the original colonization to A. D. 446. In this Mr. C. will treat of the aboriginal tribes at the time of the first invasion, and the history of the campaigns of the several Roman generals, till their final abdication; to be illustrated with a Roman British map of North Britain.

Book second will contain the *British period* from A. D. 446 to A. D. 843; and will treat of the Picts, their origin, language, &c. the Romanized Bretons, the Saxons, and the Scots, with the introduction of Christianity.

Book third will contain the *Scottish period* from A. D. 843 to 1097, and will treat of the union of the Scots and Picts, their local, civil, and ecclesiastical history during this period.

Book fourth will contain the *Scots Saxon period* from A. D. 1097 to 1306, which will treat in different chapters of the territory, the history, the laws, manners, commerce, &c. of Scotland during this period, with a short view of subsequent events.

The second and third volumes will contain the history of all the thirty-three counties of North Britain, each chapter to contain the history of a distinct county—as to name, territory, population and language, agriculture and commerce, civil and ecclesiastical history, from the most ancient to the present time; to be illustrated by a modern map of Great-Britain, corrected from recent surveys and observations.

The fourth volume will contain a topographical dictionary of the names of places, hills, lakes, rivers, &c. with etymological, historical, and explanatory notes. To this dictionary will be prefixed an introduction, giving an historical account of all the languages that have been spoken by the inhabitants of North Britain.

This work, conducted as it is by Mr. Chalmers, may be confidently expected to contain every information that can be desired by the antiquarian, the politician, and the merchant, respecting the ancient and present state of this country.

Mr. Chalmers has just published the complete works of the ancient Scottish comic poet, Sir David Lyndsay, with the life of the author, and some prefatory dissertations, which will be highly entertaining to the curious and the antiquarian.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am not, like your correspondent Metoicos, an ‘ inmate’ of a literary circle. I enjoy no opportunity of ‘ gazing at the literature and other attractions of Philadelphia.’ I cannot lounge to, and ‘ sip a little’ at, an extensive and well-chosen library. I am ‘ a woodman of the west,’ an inhabitant of a ‘ savage region,’ where you consider ‘ a classical imitation as stupendous as an erection of an academy of the sciences among the Esquimaux, or a professorship of belles lettres filled by Red-jacket or Cornplanter.’ Under these circumstances I am aware that ‘ an attempt’ to enter the lists of criticism, will be thought ‘ wonderful;’ and I shall not be surprised, should you exclaim with Mr. Randolph, ‘ ne sutor ultra crepidam,’ and recommend to me, his prescription for those politicians who conceived we could ruin Britain in a maritime war. Should you, however, do this, I will not, like friend Sloan, in his speech on Gregg’s resolution, demonstrate the propriety of the prescription, by attempting to prove it improper.

The criticisms of Metoicos have not ‘ kindled my wrath,’ neither have they put to fresh trials the mimosa-feelings of the young gentleman on the Ohio.’ Metoicos has tempered his censures with a portion of approbation the ‘ hard things’ he has said, he has rendered palatable, by the liberality which prevails throughout his essay. It is not the province of criticism to call names. In this particular the epithet ‘ Mimosa’ is exceptionable; but as the term is altogether incomprehensible, both to the ‘ young man’ and myself, it has had no effect upon ‘ the hyper-irritability of our systems.’

Metoicos will find no difficulty ‘ to dislodge me from the post,’ that bad rhymes are defensible upon the authority of Pope. I never advocated such doctrine. I never defended the rhymes of my friend upon such ground. If Metoicos will take the *trouble to read* the criticisms of Messrs. Colon and Spondee, and my observations respecting them, he will find that I attempted nothing more than to show, that my friend was assailed with bitter ridicule and sarcasm, for the use of rhymes to be found in the best English poets. I hazarded no opinion of my own that these rhymes were correct. Metoicos says that ‘ wears and tears,’ that ‘ bow, now, and brow,’ are good rhymes; Messrs. Colon and Spondee say, that such rhymes as ‘ wear and fear, esteem and blame,’ are Irishisms; that there is ‘ no legitimate poetical union’ between the words ‘ vow and bestow.’ Between such critics I pretend not to decide. I presume not to point the shafts of ridicule against either. I only contend, that no youth ought to be hissed from the haunts of the Muses for using rhymes respecting the pro-

priety of which the imitators of Addison and Johnson are decided in opinion.

But, Mr. Oldschool, it is not my intention at present, to enter into a discussion on this subject. I mean to take some notice of the criticisms of Metoicos, on the translation of the *Ode ad Lydiam*, and in the first place I must observe, that I agree, that 'roseate, beautiful, or lovely neck,' would be a more appropriate and elegant translation of '*cervicem roseam*" than 'ruby neck.'

I am chiefly concerned about the third stanza. It is a little surprising, that so many opinions should prevail respecting its true meaning. Mr. Boscawen supposes that Horace, in the first member of this stanza, alludes to and regrets the intemperance of Lydia herself. Metoicos conceives he laments the exposure of her naked beauties amid drunken excesses, while following the Delphinic commentators. I contend that he expresses rage and indignation, that Lydia should be maltreated and beaten by her intoxicated lover.

Mr. Boscawen has not furnished us with the reasons for his opinion; but Metoicos, objecting to the translation in question, has examined the subject, and given the grounds for his opinion. He conceives that the word *uror* does not express that degree of indignation, which Horace would have felt, had Lydia been struck. This verb is frequently used by Horace; it signifies to burn with passion of some kind, and is often used to described the ardor of love. It is also used to express grief or indignation. Horace uses it in one place to express the workings both of love, and the most implacable resentment. Speaking of the enmity between Agamemnon and Achilles, he says,

Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter *urit* utrumque.

In the two previous stanzas I find nothing to strengthen the construction of Metoicos. In these Horace describes the anguish he feels when Lydia manifests a regard for his rival Telephus. In the third the subject is changed. It is not grief or anguish, but indignation, he expresses. Indignation aroused by Lydia's receiving some ill usage from her lover. Why should Horace be ashamed because an intoxicated rival maltreated his mistress? Sensations of shame arise only from a sense of guilt or improper conduct; could either be imputed to Horace by the conduct of Zelephus? Anger, accompanied with sensations of sorrow or anguish, is excited by the insults offered to those we love, and I think the word *uror* more appropriately describes anger of this nature, than either *furo*, *sævio*, or *insanio*.

Upon such occasions, Metoicos admits, that blows sometimes pass, 'but Horace says nothing of them' here. Where does he say her 'naked beauties are exposed?'

Uror seu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ—

Turparunt signifies to disgrace, degrade, deform. It defines no particular mode of degradation, and if it does not mean to beat, neither does it signify to denude or strip naked. This verb is used by Horace upon two other occasions; but neither furnishes any thing to aid the construction of Metoicos.

——At illi fada cicatrix
Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.

A scar in the forehead is here mentioned as a deformity, and I believe no instance can be produced, where Horace has spoken of nakedness as a deformity. By the way, this explanation of Metoicos is very indefinite. I am at a loss for an idea of those 'naked beauties' which he insists were 'exposed.' I have no knowledge of those beauties of the shoulders, or even of the 'white shoulders,' which it would be so disgraceful to expose. I can see no reason why a man should either be ashamed or fly in a passion, though his rival got a full view of the back of his mistress's neck, quite down to the points of her shoulders. To be sure there are *beauties* which ought not to be *exposed*. *Beauties* which, even at this day, are not *entirely naked*, but these *beauties* have no connection whatever with the 'shoulders.'

One thing more, and I have done with these 'naked beauties.' I am of opi-

nion it was not uncommon for the ladies to expose their arms and shoulders naked, even in the days of Horace. The following lines from Congreve's translation of Ovid's Art of Love (I never read the original) warrants this opinion.

'If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
'That, and the *shoulder* of your left arm bare.'

I cannot believe that Horace laments as a disgrace or deformity what Ovid recommends as graceful and alluring, or that he would either grieve with anguish or burn with shame, that Lydia sometimes pursued the instructions of Ovid, the first connoisseur in love and gallantry.

I will not say, Mr. Oldschool, that it is not an 'anticlimax' in 'composition' to mention the 'lesser outrage after the greater.' I believe, however, that the greater indignity is generally uppermost in the mind, and would upon most occasions, be first mentioned, either by an angry or injured man. For this reason, the anticlimax pointed out by Metoicos can have no weight with me in construing this stanza.

Upon the whole, sir, Metoicos, who has manifested great uneasiness lest these blows, which he so much deprecates, were given on 'the breast' or 'on the whole form of Lydia,' has himself insisted on a construction which will not bear examination. Indeed it is generally much easier to find fault with any attempt at translation than to improve it. But, when I undertook to 'maintain my friend's translation,' I had no view to a contest of this nature. I have never seen Boscawen's translation of Horace, except in the Port Folio; on the publication of this ode, you stated that the translator observed, 'the taste of the lover could not be very delicate, if he sighed long after a mistress, whose intemperance he describes in such strong terms.' The translation in question rescues Horace from this imputation, and it was in support of this construction that I gave my opinion and referred to the commentators. On this subject Metoicos and myself agree; and whether the cause of Horace's complaint was, 'that Lydia anticipated the nakedness of the modern bon ton,' or received 'regular castigation' on the *breast*, *shoulders*, or 'whole form' is a question which cannot now be settled. However, if any 'fair reader, who has interested herself in this controversy,' has been 'relieved' by the argument of Metoicos, rather than subject her to farther uneasiness, I will submit, and consent to be thought in an error.

I am sorry that Metoicos is 'offended at the introduction of *fluid*.' The idea is in the original. We can have no conception of the 'fifth part of Venus's nectar' *(quinta parte sui nectaris)* distinct from an idea of some liquid. Metoicos thinks it 'inconceivable that Venus should imbue kisses,' in this fluid. *Oscula quæ Venus imbuit* is literally rendered, kisses or lips, which Venus hath imbued. Now I have ever understood that, in *Cupid's vocabulary*, sweet lips and sweet kisses are synonymous terms, and that poets were at liberty to use them as such. Sweet kisses are words without any meaning, unconnected with an idea of the lips from which they are received; and in love songs and odes, I conceive, they may, with propriety be substituted for the lips themselves. If Metoicos insists to confine every poetical expression to its strict literal meaning, he will destroy much of the beauty of poetry.

Mr. Oldschool, I disagree with Metoicos respecting the tenor and intention of the ode *ad Lydiam*. I cannot believe Lydia 'a mere wanton.' Or, that it was the aim of the ode 'to inspire a wanton with sentiment, to reclaim her to love.' Throughout this ode Horace expresses that anxiety and tender concern, that warmth of friendship, and indignant resentment, which a man seldom or never feels for a 'wanton' mistress. I cannot perceive the policy of a lover's extolling matrimony and constancy to a 'mere wanton;' such conduct seems more likely to excite disgust and anger, than complacency or self-respect. To eulogize marriage, in conversation with a mistress, would appear like reproof, which is surely not an 'artful' manner of con-

ciliating regard. In ode 25, lib. 1, Horace treats Lydia as a wanton: but it should be noted, that his sentiments in this ode are at variance with the spirit of all his other odes addressed to Lydia, and utterly irreconcileable with his proposition in ode 9, lib. 3.

Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?

It is probable this ode was produced in a moment of jealousy and passion, for I cannot suppose that Horace would propose to join himself to a ' mere wanton,' in the indissolvable bonds of matrimony. The jealousy, the passionate description of Lydia's beauty, and the power of her charms, which Horace has described, shows the strong interest she had in his heart, and induces me to believe that Lydia was a coquet, who knew her power over him, and amused herself with teasing him.

But says Metoicos, ' Horace does not speak of Telephus as a rival in her affections.' If he had no fears that Lydia loved Telephus, why was he disturbed when she praised his ' personal charms?' Could merely speaking in approbation of the roseate neck, the soft delicate arms of Telephus, occasion so much anxiety? No. It was the rapture with which she described these beauties, the delight she manifested in naming Telephus, that excited the jealousy of Horace, because this conduct gave rise to an apprehension that Telephus was beloved. Horace, indeed, has not said in so many words, that Lydia loved Telephus. Neither has he said that she was his mistress. He has not complained that she indulged his rival with every token of affection, but that she praised his beauty. From this, Metoicos infers, that she was a ' mere wanton,' that all ' sentimental' affection was out of the question, and yet he insists that Horace was in a bitter passion that Telephus had been permitted to look upon her ' naked' shoulders. A circumstance wonderfully degrading to a ' wanton,' and very likely to excite indignation where ' sentimental' affections were no way concerned.

Thus, sir, I have ventured to criticise a critic, who has boldly presented his ' whole surface' to the ' fire' of criticism. I shall not ' tremble or wince' at any criticisms this attempt may occasion. Due allowance will no doubt be made, on account of my situation and society; and I trust you will not, like Dr. Caustic and the Royal College of Physicians, set in array your whole insignia of death's-heads, scorpions and adders, to frighten ' a woodman' of the wilds of Ohio from the haunts of literature.

The subjoined attempt at translation is a proof that my young friend has not been induced ' to throw his reed into the stream, or hang his harp upon the willows.' He requests me to remark that it was not intended as a literal version of the ode, but a paraphrase. You will probably consider it a ' *curiosity*' worthy of being preserved in the Port Folio, especially as it is a production of the ' wilds' of Ohio, of the neighbourhood of *Red-jacket* and *Corn-planter*. H.

—

HOR. ODE IX, LIB. 3.

Hor. Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor any dearer youth
Entwin'd round thy soft neck his arms,
Made me suspect thy truth,
I lived more happy than a Persian king,
With all the joy his wealth and honors bring.

Lyd. Whilst thou with melting passion burn'd,
For no more charming fair,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
Abandon'd to despair,
I flourish'd more renown'd, and honor'd more,
Than she who Rome's illustrious founder bore.

Hor. Now Cressian Chloe holds me bound
In love's delightful chains,
She, skill'd the warbling lyre to sound
In soft and melting strains.
For her I would not fear even death to dare,
Would the dread Fates her dearer beauties spare.

Lyd. Calais, a fair Thurinian youth,
Warms me with chaste desires,
Love's gentle goddess in us both
A mutual flame inspires.
For him I twice could suffer death with joy,
Would the dire Destinies spare the lovely boy.

Hor. What if my former love again
Returns, and gently moves,
To join in the hymeneal chain
Our separated loves?
What if the beauteous Chloe I desert,
And Lydia reigns sole mistress of my heart?

Lyd. Tho' he outshine the brightest star,
Tho' you indeed should be
Lighter than corkwood, rougher far
Than the tempestuous sea,
His charms would never touch my heart, for I
With thee would wish to live, with thee rejoice to die.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The beautiful allegorical song, *Life's like a ship, in constant motion*, has been very generally attributed to the admirable muse of Dibdin; but, in a small volume, containing a description of the watering-places of Great-Britain, Mr. George Saville Carey prints it as his own, and sets up a formal claim to the honor of the composition. He relates, that he wrote it for a pleasure party at Norwich, on occasion of celebrating the regatta which is held, at stated times, on the river of that city. There is no reason to doubt his veracity; particularly as it has been given to Mr. Dibdin only by public report; and as, besides, there is even intrinsic evidence in his favour. The style is different from that of Dibdin. As a poem, it aspires to a more elevated character than the generality of the effusions of that author. It has more dignity, and less genius. It satisfies, not surprises. In listening to Carey, we receive a tranquil pleasure; in listening to Dibdin, we are transported. Compare this song with Dibdin's *Morality in the Foretop*, and the specific qualifications of the two poets will become instantly manifest.—In the work already mentioned, Mr. Carey also asserts his father to have been the author of the well-written and popular hymn, *God save the king*.

A-propos.—In my late epistle, there were the words, *any time;* instead of which, there appeared in your paper these two others, *very trite*.

QUIDNUNC.

For the Port Folio.

ANECDOTE OF ANACHARSIS CLOOTS.

From Dr. Moore's 'Mordaunt.'

I overheard a curious dialogue between Anacharsis Cloots and a plain sensible looking man, who drank coffee at the same table with him, one day after dinner at Robert's.

This man happened to say, that something, I don't remember what, was 'as certain as that God made the world.'

'Pshaw!' said Anacharsis, snappishly, 'he did not make the world.'

'No!' cried the man, staring with surprise, 'who made it then?'

'Why nobody. It never was made,' answered Cloots.

'How came it here then?' answered the other.

'How came it here! why it has been here from all eternity.'

'I never should have guessed it to be so old,' rejoined the man, 'but still you have not informed me how it exists.'

'By chance,' said Cloots.

'By chance,' exclaimed the other.

'Yes, undoubtedly, by mere chance,' added Cloots—'You have no notion of the power of chance!'

'The power of chance!' repeated the other—'chance is blind.'

'Blindness does not diminish power,' cried Cloots with an air of triumph; 'for even according to your bible, Sampson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.'

'Sneering is one thing, Mr. Cloots, and reasoning is another.'

'Then let us reason,' answered Anacharsis—'I speak of the power of chance.—Were a thousand dice put into a box and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but that six thousand would be thrown out at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were rattled, and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms.'

'Now I perceive the drift of your reasoning,' rejoined the other: 'but

although I cannot explain what is above human comprehension, citizen Cloots, yet, as there is no necessity in the nature of things that this world, and all the creatures in it, should have existed at all, it seems clear to me that they must exist by the power of a supreme being; and I am fully convinced that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness must be the work of intelligence and wisdom, as well as power.'

"Nec Deus inter sit nisi dignus vindice, nodus."

'What do you think of that maxim of Horace?' said Cloots.

'I think it a very good one, as he applied it,' rejoined the other: 'but I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.'

'Perhaps not; for as you say, he was an ignorant heathen, and believed in gods!'

'Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for, independent of the Christian religion, all the improvements that have been made since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent Creator and governor of the universe.'

'They lead me to no such thing,' said Cloots. 'I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What say you to that?'

'I say,' replied the other, 'that were I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell.'

'There again!' cried Cloots, 'Why there is no such place.'

'How can you be sure of that?'

'Because the thing is impossible,' answered Cloots.

'Did you not assert, a little while ago, that this world was made by chance?'

'I assert so still!' exclaimed Cloots.

'Then how can you assert that such a place as hell is not made by chance also!' rejoined his opponent.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher, which the other observing, he added, with a serious air—

'Citizen Cloots, I would not have you trust altogether to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow:—Renounce impiety, that, in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent into it.'

Having pronounced this in a solemn manner, the man rose and walked out of the room.

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Death of Lord Nelson.

Mr. West has finished his picture on the memorable event of the death of Lord Nelson, and he opens his beautiful gallery in Newman-street, for ten days, that the amateurs may see this elaborate work before it is consigned into the hands of Mr. Heath, the engraver. It is a wonderful work, and will raise the fame of the master to a very high point. It was truly remarked, by an artist of distinguished merit, that it was only necessary to look over the series of prints which have been taken from the pictures of Mr. West, to form an estimate of the value of the original. While almost all his contemporaries have degenerated into the insipidity of portraits, he has maintained his enthusiastic love of the higher department of the art, and has seized on every great occasion to illustrate upon canvas the triumphant achievments of the country. Upon no former occasion had he so grand a subject, and upon no former occasion has he more highly distinguished himself. The picture is truly epic, for it combines a perfect history of the battle with such a burst of passion as to arouse every generous emotion of the soul. He has chosen the point of time when the hero, after hearing from captain Hardy that the battle is won, is raising his last ejaculation to the Author of his being in gratitude and resignation. His attitude is nearly the same, though reversed, as that of Gen. Wolfe, but the expression of all the group which forms the centre is superior to every former effort of the master. He has departed so far from the reality as to make his last scene on the quarter deck, instead of the cock-pit, because he could not otherways have combined the other great features of the action which he had introduced as the Episodes of Mr. Scott, and of several gallant youths who fell, besides their commander. All these are most forcibly introduced, without confusing or encumbering the chief point; and the back ground shews the sublime character of the battle. It is a work which truly redounds to the praise of the English school, and we have no doubt but that Mr. Heath will feel all his enthusiasm, as well as skill, aroused in doing justice to the work in his engraving. [*Lon. pap.*

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

AN HUMOUROUS LETTER TO THE DEAN OF W——*

SIR,

I am told there is a book which lies in your study, in sheets, and all those who have seen it admire it should continue so long unbound. I think it is called Marshall's Epithalamiums, or some such name; but lest I should be mistaken in the title, I'll describe it to you as well as I can. It is a fine fair manuscript, writ with black shining ink, on the whitest and smoothest vellum that can be imagined; the strokes of the pen are so very nice and delicate, as discover it was directed by a masterly hand; and there is such a symmetry and proportion in all the parts of it, and the features (as I may term them) of each letter are so exact, as puts the reader many times to a stand in admiring the beauties of them. The book has an additional ornament which it did not want, the initial letters and all the margins are flourished with gold; but that which recommends it more is, that though it has been wrote about eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not in the least sullied or stained, insomuch, that one would think it was never yet turned over by any man: and indeed there's the more reason to believe it, the first leaves of it being yet unopened, or untouched. The volume of itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, yet I have heard it valued at 3000l. It would indeed be a thousand pities, that so valuable a piece should ever be lost; and the surest way to prevent this is by increasing the copies of it; so that, if the author will give his consent, and you be so kind as to license it, I'll immediately put it in the press. I have all tools necessary for the purpose, and a curious set of letters that never were used, but in printing of one book, and of this too there's not above half a dozen in the whole impression; so that you must imagine they are not the worse for wearing. For my part, I'll spare no cost nor pains to embellish and adorn the work with the most natural and lively figures; and I shall not despair to make this edition appear as beautiful in the eyes of all men, as the original is at present in mine, which, to tell you the truth, is so very charming and fine, that methinks I could read it both by day and by night with pleasure. If, therefore, you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will add much to the entertainment and satisfaction of every one, but particularly of him who, with great respect, is always,

Sir, your most humble
And faithful servant,
ELZEVIR.

From my printing-house, in Lye-down, in the Low Countries.

* This letter was sent to the Dean of W——, who was also Vicar General of the diocese, by a widower (with six children) under the feigned name of Elzevir. The design was to invite him and his company to supper, especially Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a beautiful lady of eighteen years of age, and three thousand pounds fortune, who (the Dean's house being full) was then lodged in his study.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Segrais was a great teller of stories and anecdotes, and his pleasant manner of telling them added a vivacity to the excellence and importance of the subjects. His memory was so comprehensive, that when once he began to narrate, he did not very soon end. A friend observed of this talent and practice, so well known in Segrais, that he only wanted winding up, and he would go for a fortnight.

It was once in contemplation at court, to appoint Segrais as tutor to one of the princes of the blood. Segrais, who was a studious man, and fond of retirement, declined the office, under the pretence of his deafness. You have no occasion, observed his friend, to listen to the prince, you are only to be speaker. Nay, replied Se-

grais, I well know by experience that a court is a country where a man should have very good ears, as well as good eyes.

Mrs. C. Smith, who has distinguished herself by the publication of many romances of merit, has likewise evinced a fine talent for poetry. The following little poems are evincive of the assertion:

THE WHEAT EAR.

From that deep shelter'd solitude
Where in some quarry wild, and rude,
Your feather'd mother rear'd her brood
Why, Pilgrim, did you brave
The upland winds so bleak and keen
To seek these hills?—whose slopes between
Wide stretch'd in grey expanse is seen
The ocean's toiling wave?

Did instinct bid you linger here,
That broad and restless ocean near,
And wait, till with the waning year
Those northern gales arise,
Which, from the tall cliff's rugged side
Shall give your soft light plumes to glide
Across the channel's refluent tide
To seek more favouring skies?

Alas! and has not instinct said
That luxury's toils for you are laid,
And that, by groundless fears betray'd,
You ne'er, perhaps, may know
Those regions, where the embow'ring vine
Loves round the luscious fig to twine,
And mild the suns of winter shine,
And flowers perennial blow.

To take yon shepherd boys prepare
The hollow turf, the wiry snare,
Of those weak terrors well aware
That bid you vainly dread
The shadows floating o'er the downs,
Or murmuring gale, that round the stones
Of some old beacon as it moans
Scarce moves the thistle's head.

And if a cloud obscure the sun,
With faint and fluttering heart you run,
And to the pitfal you should shun
Resort in trembling haste.
While, on that dewy cloud so high
The lark, sweet minstrel of the sky
Sings in the morning's beamy eye
And bathes his spotted breast.

Ah! simple bird, resembling you
Are those, that with distorted view
Thro' life some selfish end pursue
With low inglorious aim.
They sink in blank oblivious night,
While minds superior dare the light,
And high on honour's glorious height
Aspire to endless fame.

AN EVENING WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

'Tis pleasant to wander along on the sand,
Beneath the high cliff that is hollowed in caves,
When the fisher has put off his boat from the land,
And the prawn-catcher wades through the short rippling waves.
While fast run before us the sandling and plover,
Intent on the crabs and the sand ells to feed,
And here on a rock which the tide will soon cover,
We'll find us a seat that is tapestried with weed.
Bright gleam the white sails in the slant rays of even,
And stud as with silver the broad level main,
While glowing clouds float on the fair face of heaven,
And the mirror-like water reflects them again.
How various the shades of marine vegetation
Thrown here the rough flints and the pebbles among,
The feather'd conferva of deepest carnation,
The dark purple slake, and the olive sea-thong.
While Flora herself unreluctantly mingles
Her garlands with those that the Nereids have worn,
For the yellow horn'd poppy springs up on the shingles,
And convolvulas rival the rays of the morn.
But now to retire from the rock we have warning,
Already the water encircles our seat,
And slowly the tide of the evening returning,
The moon-beams reflects in the waves at our feet.
Ah! whether as now the mild summer-sea flowing,
Scarce wrinkles the sands as it murmurs on shore,
Or fierce wintry whirlwinds impetuously blowing,
Bid high madd'ning surges resistlessly roar.
That POWER which can put the wide waters in motion,
Then bid the vast billows repose at his word,
Fills the mind with deep reverence, while earth, air, and ocean,
Alike of the universe speak him the Lord.

Maisuna was a daughter of the tribe of Calab, and was married while very young to the Caliph Mowiah. But this exalted situation by no means suited the disposition of Maisuna; and amidst

all the pomp and splendor of Damascus she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert. These feelings gave birth to the following simple stanzas, which she took delight in singing, whenever she could find an opportunity to indulge her melancholy in private. She was overheard, however, one day, by Mowiah, who, as a punishment, ordered her to retire from court. Maisuna immediately obeyed, and taking her infant son, Yezid, with her, returned to Yeman.

The russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light and eye serene,
Is dearer to my bosom far
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent, and murmuring breeze
That whistles thro' its fluttering walls,
My unaspiring fancy please
Better than towers and splendid halls.

The attendant colts that bounding fly
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer in Maisuna's eye
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice, that bays, whene'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear
Than yonder trumpet's long drawn note.

The rustic youth, unspoil'd by art,
Son of my kindred, poor, but free,
Will ever to Maisuna's heart
Be dearer, pamper'd fool, than thee.

The following is a whimsical passage from Moore's Journal of his stage coach adventures in Virginia. The simile in the close is beautiful and new:

And now to tell the gay variety
Of my stage society.
There was a quaker, who room for twenty took,
Pious and big as a Polyglott Pentateuch!
There was his niece too, sitting, so fair, by,
Like a neat Testament kept to swear by,
What pity, blooming girl!
That lips so ready for a lover
Should not beneath their ruby casket cover
One tooth of pearl,*
But like a rose beside the church-yard stone,
Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone.

* Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who shewed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely, I think, have been tempted to such an innovation in America.

THE BANKS OF BALIZE.

A BALLAD.

Written by a Lady residing near the River Balize, in the Bay of Honduras.

While songsters their rivers to praise do combine,
Their Arno's, their Banna's their Tweed's and their Dee's;
To the nymphs of Honduras the task shall be mine,
To sing the more *beautiful* Banks of Balize.

See the nymphs and the swains in their Dories are singing,
While echo the music resounds through the trees;
Observe how the fishes around them are springing,
Their joy to express in the River Balize.

Here young Alligators are playfully sporting;
Here Tigers so nimble, and droves of Warrees;
All frisking like lambkins, and wantonly courting,
Along the sweet banks of the River Balize.

No proud marble domes upon the rural plains,
Nor mansions of grandeur the traveller sees;
But marks what a charming simplicity reigns
In the wood-cutter's hut on the Banks of Balize.

Let those who delight in fine fish and fresh air,
Enjoy their own pleasures on Honduras' quays;
More happy am I in attending the fair,
On the banks of the smooth flowing River Balize.

Ye Aldermen, who on rich turtle would feast,
Or would wish to indulge on our fam'd Mannatees,
Leave the city awhile, then come hither, and taste,
This delicate food on the Banks of Balize.

The songs of Musquitoes shall lull you to sleep;
Songs sweet as the whisp'ring of winds thro' the trees
While Doctors and Sandflies their vigils do keep,
To suck your rich blood on the Banks of Balize.

If an author will start from the crowd, jump on the literary pedestal and put himself in the attitude of Apollo, he has no right to complain, if his proportions are examined with rigour; if comparisons are drawn to his disadvantage,

or if, on being found glaringly defective, he is hooted down from a station, which he has so unnecessarily and injudiciously assumed.

Sonnet written immediately after reading professor Stewart's account of Dr. Robertson's daily visits, during his last illness at Grange House, to the fruit trees then in blossom; and of his contrasting their progress with the event which was to happen to himself before their maturity.

Ye lovely blossoms of the opening spring!
That paint the fruit trees with your blushing hues,
Fann'd by the genial South-wind's humid wing,
And foster'd by the evening's grateful dews,
Each morning sun your vernal health renews,
Each morning sun perceives my health decline;
Yours 'tis to bloom and round you sweets diffuse,
To droop, to wither, and to die is mine.
Nor spring, nor genial sun, nor fresh'ning gale,
With youthful strength can sickly age recruit,
And Death shall o'er this tottering frame prevail,
'Ere autumn shall mature your embryo fruit;
And when I us'd to view my orchard's pride,
Ah! then its fallen lord a grassy turf shall hide.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

A COQUET.

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

Lounging one afternoon the last week in Cornhill, I had an opportunity of observing the manners of some of your Boston Belles, and overhearing such parts of their conversation, as, by the loudness of their tones and the side-glances of their eyes, they evidently intended should be heard by the passengers. Now, as I pass much of the year in the country, and am seldom long in town, my observation was keen and curious; and I cannot but confess that those young ladies, who make a daily promenade in Cornhill, convinced me, that, whatever modern pedants might say, the ladies of the present day were not materially different from those of former times. CONGREVE certainly had one of those Cornhill-ladies in his eye, when he wrote the following description, although, to answer his own ends, and avoid giving offence to the city ladies, he chose to bestow on a *Shepherdess* a character of which we know nothing in the country.

RUSTICUS.

Fair AMORET has gone astray,
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering *Shepherdess* discover.

Coquet and coy, at once, her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes:
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

In the hope of disarming censure by diffidence, and obviating the imputation of presumption, it has been a kind of established etiquette for a virgin Muse to bind up her blushes in an introductory bouquet, and present them to the reader as an offering of humility and conciliation. But the good sense of the present day has, in a great measure, exploded, as idle and impertinent, this species of literary affectation. Whatever a writer may profess, praise or profit will always be considered his real motive; and when he has once overcome his feelings so far as to venture upon the public stage, if his other merits are only in proportion to his modesty, he will find that he has over-rated his pretensions.

MODERN FASHION.

A lady of fashion, dressed in the present taste, is, literally speaking, *nobody;* and strange to tell, the full grown misses, naturally prone, as we might suppose, to *matrimony*, seem determined not to have *any body*. It is presumed, however, that this determination will not last long, and that, by next winter, at farthest, they will have *somebody*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

A Poem sacred to the memory of MADOC, prince of North Wales, who, in the eleventh century, flying from his country, with a few followers, is supposed by many to have first discovered and settled in America.

From Cambria's shores, by civil discord driv'n,
By all forsaken, save a few and heav'n,
O'er the wild waves he seeks a friendly land,
And hails, America, thy fertile strand.
Heav'ns! what a scene of grandeur meets his eyes!
Around he gazes, lost in mute surprise:
Here mountains lose their summits in the clouds,
A boundless forest nature's bosom shrouds;
Resembling ocean each bold stream appears,
And birds unknown salute his ravish'd ears.
"Is this the paradise by bards foretold,
"And may we here expect an age of gold?"
Madoc exclaims—"my friends possess this shore,
"Let genial hope your fainting minds restore."
Courage in every manly heart prevails,
And all, with one accord, salute New-Wales.
With gallant mien their leader treads the shore,
And, urg'd by him, they all their God adore;
Their God, who led them o'er untravell'd seas,
And promises security and ease.
Soon on the shore the native bands appear,
And gaze with wonder, but devoid of fear.
To all his ready hand the chief extends,
And uses them as brethren and friends.
What tho' no words were understood, their eyes
Witnessed at once their kindness and surprize.
The ready dinner smokes upon the ground,
And in metheglin is refreshment found.
Toys charm the females and the infant race
To barb'rous beauty adding force and grace

Humanity! assist me, while I sing
The triumphs which from thee incessant spring.
Virtue, not av'rice, charm'd the gallant chief,
And thus from savages heav'n sent relief.
No gold he sought, by nature deep conceal'd;—
How happy had it never been reveal'd!
To industry were all his vows address'd,
Thus heav'n wak'd pity in each savage breast,
Who, taught the God of heaven to adore,
Bade cultivation glad the willing shore;
And soon, instructed in each useful art,
Gave to humanity the glowing heart.
Madoc! th' Iberian chief to thee must yield;—
He dy'd with human blood the ravag'd field,
But thou shalt justly boast unceasing fame;
Intent the cruel savage to reclaim,
Thou gav'st him, emulous in virtue's cause,
Reason, religion, liberty and laws.
Columbus! then, withdraw your haughty claim,
And bow with deference to great Madoc's name.

W. P.

EPIGRAMS.

NEVER COMPLAIN TO STRANGERS.

Curio, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic and old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told.
"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;
"Ah, sir," said he, "these feet can run no more!"
"Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and cry,"
"Alas! I've roar'd, as long as lungs could roar."
"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endeavour,
"*Sans* voice to call, *sans* vigour to pursue,
"And since your *hat*, of course, is gone forever,
"I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu."

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
Some smooth soft flattery read, by Waller writ,
Waller, who erst to sing was not asham'd
That heaven in storms great Cromwell's soul had claim'd,
Turn'd to the bard, and with a smile, said he,
Your strains for *Noll* excel your strains for *me.*
The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
Thus to the king return'd and bow'd his head,
Poets, so heaven and all the nine decreed,
In fiction better than in truth succeed.

IF GREAT BE GOOD.

How great thy might let none by mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness show;
A power to hurt is no such noble thing,
The toad can poison and the serpent sting.

Lines occasioned by the intended demolition of Friar Bacon's Study, in Oxford.

Friar, if with thy magic glasses
Running, thou see'st below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst descry
With them the wonders of the sky—.
Look down on your devoted walls!
O save them ere *thy study* falls,
Or to thy votaries quick impart
The secret of thy *mystic art;*
Teach us, ere learning 's quite forsaken,
To honour thee, and *save our Bacon.*

Says Richard to Tom, with a good deal of heat,
My secret you've basely betray'd,
What I told you I never suppos'd you'd repeat,
And after the promise you made.
Friend Richard, quoth Thomas, you're sadly astray,
The secret I told, it is true;—
But if its so precious you cannot but say
Three guardians are better than *two.*

By one decisive argument,
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent,
To fix the bridal day:
Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind, she said,
But then, says he, *I may.*

Galla, the seasons of each circling year
To thee, my love, their choicest offerings bear:
Spring thy young cheek with blushing purple dies,
And Summer lights her lustres in thine eyes,
Autumn her apples in thy bosom throws,
And Winter clothes thee with her whitest snows.

Hermit! who with contempt look'st down
Upon this lewd licentious town,
Descend and live with us unmov'd;
Your boasted force is yet unprov'd,
While in that cold sad mossy cell
Untempted, thus alone you dwell.
See Chloe smile and feel no wound,
Then we'll pronounce your virtue sound.

Fickle is vext at heart, he says, to see
His Lydia look on him so scurvily;
Thou art a most unconscionable man,—
Would'st have the wench look better than she can?

TWO WORDS MAKE A BARGAIN.

You'd marry the marquis, fair lady, you say;
You're right; we've suspected it long,
But his lordship declines in a complaisant way,
And, faith, *he's not much in the wrong.*

THE DEADLY DOCTOR.

With wig profound old Galen cries,
My patients ne'er complain;
I do believe thee, Ned replies,
Thou putt'st them out of pain.

ADVICE TO GRUMBLERS.

Our grumbling politicians cry
Old England's basis stands awry;—
Mind this, they say, mind that, mind t'other;
Spare, spare, good people, your concern,
Let this *old England* serve your turn,
Till you can show us *such another.*

Phillis, you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those, who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns.
O, Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill
Beyond thy lover's hopes or Reynold's skill,
No medicines can thy disease assuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable, 'tis age.

I die with sadness, if the blushing fair
These eyes adore, reject her lover's prayer;
I die with transport, if her gentle ear
Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
How shall a wretch his fate contrive to shun,
Both by her rigour and her smiles undone?
Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,
Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure.

On hearing of the marriage of a Fellow of All Souls.

Silvio, so strangely Love his mind controls,
Has, for one *single body*, left *All Souls.*

To a Young Lady who spoke in praise of Liberty.

Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you,
If freedom we seek, fair Maria adieu.

A CLINCHER.

Nature abhors a *vacuum*, Bubo said—
Bubo, you're wrong—a *vacuum's* in your head.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.